



Rosie and Michael

by Judith Viorst
Illustrated by Lorna Tomei

Rosie is my friend.

She likes me when I'm dopey and not just when I'm smart.

I worry a lot about pythons, and she understands.

My toes point in, and my shoulders droop, and there's hair growing out of my ears.

But Rosie says I look good.

She is my friend.



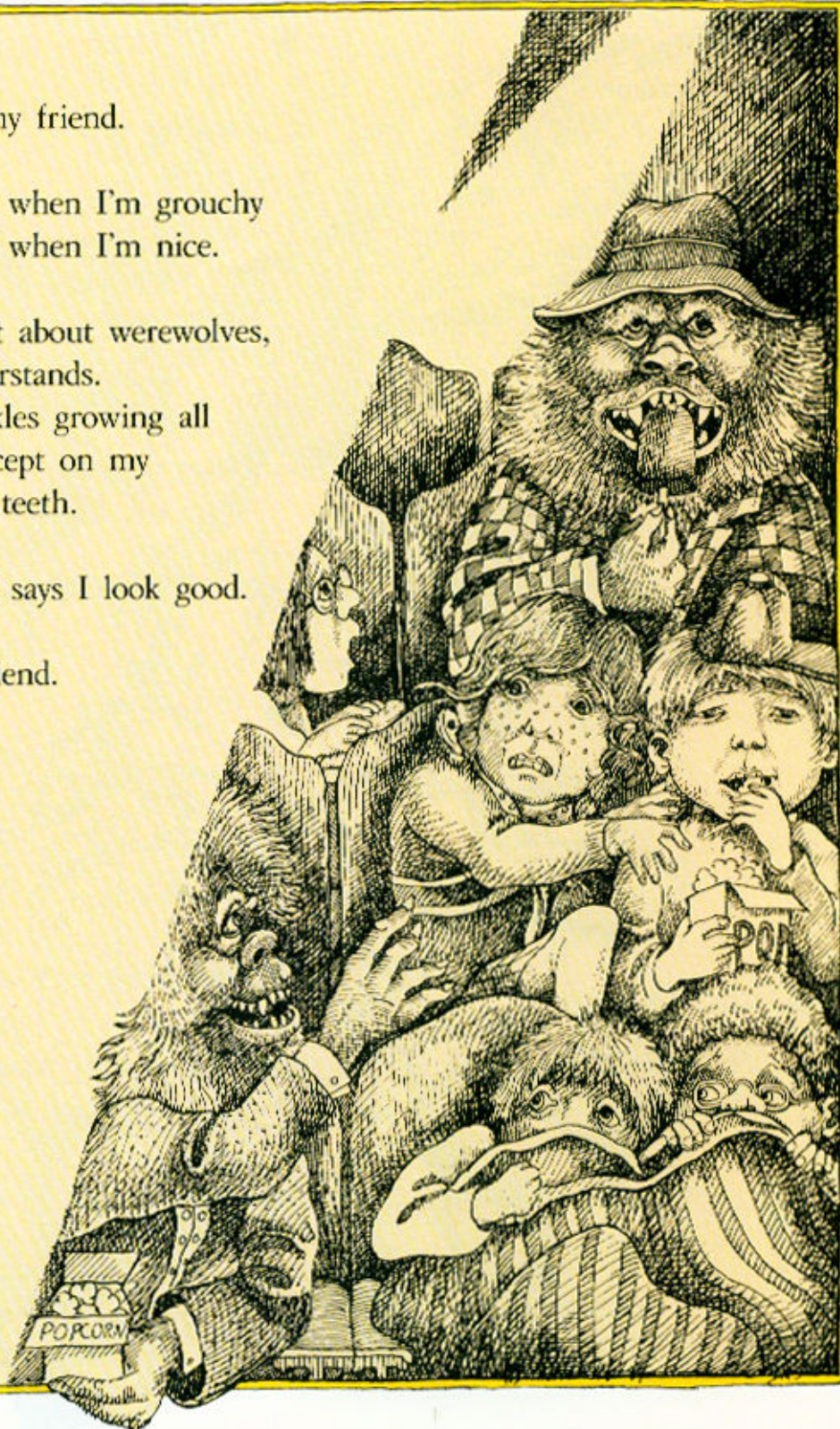
Michael is my friend.

He likes me when I'm grouchy
and not just when I'm nice.

I worry a lot about werewolves,
and he understands.
There's freckles growing all
over me, except on my
eyeballs and teeth.

But Michael says I look good.

He is my friend.



When I said that my nickname was Mickey, Rosie said Mickey. When I said that my nickname was Ace, Rosie said Ace. And when I was Tiger, and Lefty, and Ringo, Rosie always remembered.

That's how friends are.

When I wrote my name with a *y*, Michael wrote Rosey. When I wrote my name with an *i*, Michael wrote Rosi. And when I wrote Rosee, and Rozi, and Wrosie, Michael always did too.

That's how friends are.

Just because I sprayed Kool Whip in her sneakers, doesn't mean that Rosie's not my friend.

Just because I let the air out of his basketball, doesn't mean that Michael's not my friend.

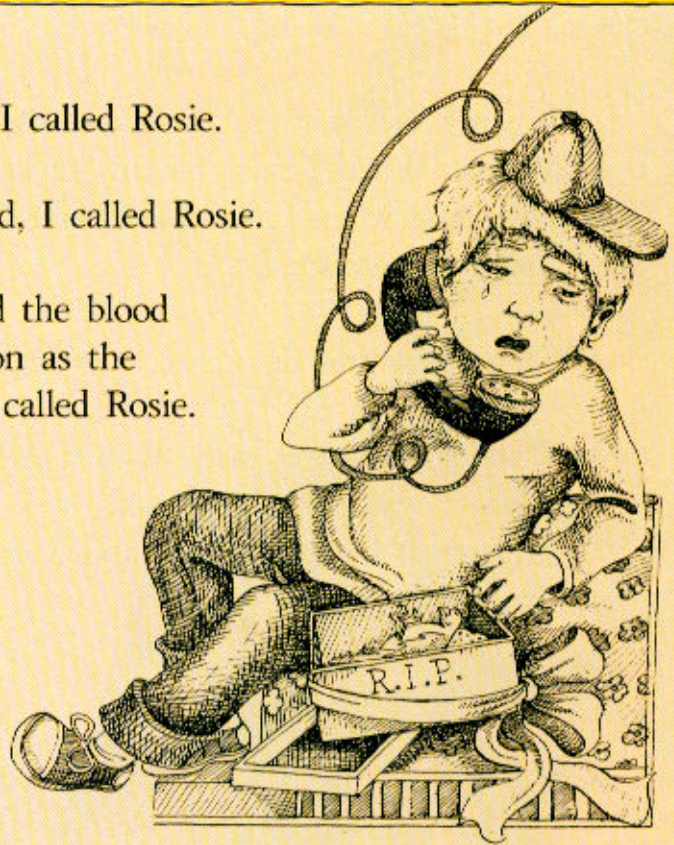
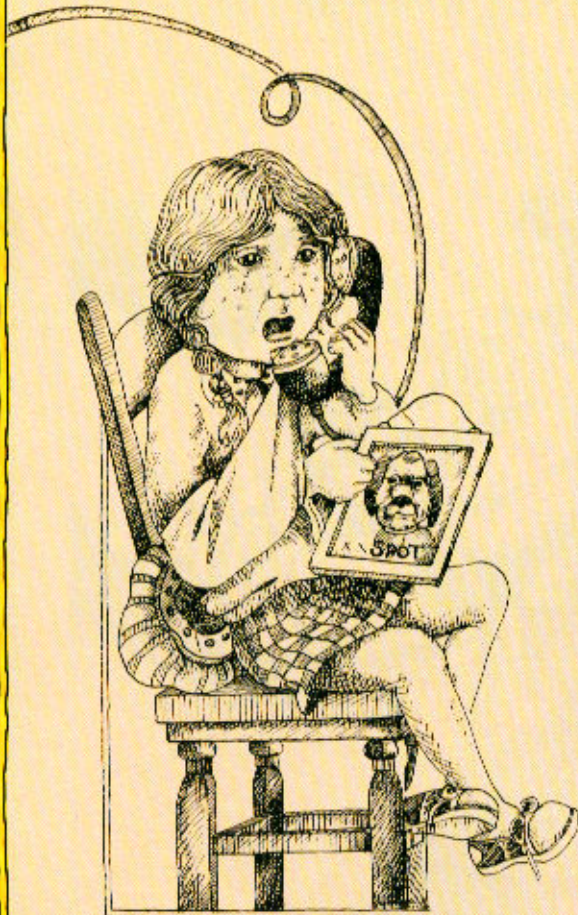


When my parakeet died, I called Rosie.

When my bike got swiped, I called Rosie.

When I cut my head and the blood
came gushing out, as soon as the
blood stopped gushing, I called Rosie.

She is my friend.



When my dog ran away, I called
Michael. When my bike got swiped,
I called Michael. When I broke my
wrist and the bone was sticking
out, as soon as they stuck it back
in, I called Michael.

He is my friend.